

THE
NASSAU LITERARY MAGAZINE.

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VOL. XLV.

FEBRUARY, 1890.

No. 7.

PHILOSOPHY AND CIVILIZATION.

BAIRD PRIZE ORATION, EDGEWORTH BIRD, BAXTER, GEORGIA.

IT IS a strange but interesting fact that when ideas embody themselves in concrete, political, economic, social forms, and, thus incorporated, become part and parcel of that objective life of society which we call *civilization*, the intensity of the impression which they at first made on men's minds grows less and less; until at length they are strongly conscious only of the forms themselves—void of any inner, sustaining vitality. They forget the thought which alone makes the form possible, and civilization reduces itself to a mere system of ingenious adjustments—a thing whose motive, whose *rationale*, is sunk in mechanism.

And yet it is surely true, that if we would find the most faithful record of human thought, the completest embodiment of human faiths, we must go to those very creations by which humanity has environed and conditioned its life. In man's institutions is the mirror of himself; and the

statute-book, the political system, the social law, are crammed with creeds.

But more than this. Every civilization, in its last analysis, reveals, as a pervading soul that unifies all its complex elements and energizes every fibre of its mighty structure, a *distinct philosophy*. History demonstrates no truth more perfectly than that the great ideas which guide the personal life of man tend, at least, to weave themselves into every form that he creates, and every law that he ordains. That there are many and serious discords between what men believe, as men, and what they establish and practice, as a society, is, unhappily, true enough. Christian America, even in the midst of the ghastly horrors of slavery, preached as loudly as though she had derived the warrant for that hideous system from the text itself—"Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." And there are only too many in our fair land to-day who, taking their stand on the fundamental distinction—which they purposely distort—between public and private morality, are striving to justify the exclusion of moral influence from its just share in the determination of political and economic procedures. But which, in the first cause, won the final victory—the selfish love of the institution, or the faith which a nation's deeds keeps with a nation's principles? Let history answer. Slavery is gone from our midst forever, banished by the great truths with which it was at war. And we firmly believe that the reign of political corruption and commercial selfishness shall make way at last for the dominion of purer and juster methods. Be the apparent exceptions what they will—and it needs but time to turn even them into evidence for the truth of our statement—our *principle* remains unshaken. It is that very principle which gives to the different civilizations of the world what we call their distinctively national character. If we would find the real differentiating force which makes America America, and India India, we must seek it in the essential dissimilarity of our *philosophy* from hers. Give to

the Indian his conception of the relations of man to God and to his fellow-man, and then, and then only, can he curse his social organism with the infamous injustice of that system of rigid castes which is so abhorrent to more enlightened minds than his. While our own justly-boasted "Liberty, Equality and Fraternity," the shibboleth of our national genius, finding noble expression in every sphere of our individual and national life, is utterly inconceivable save as the fair flower of a Christian philosophy. English history will never teach us that it was nothing more than a mere movement suggested by intelligent policy which shook to fragments the inhuman system of capital punishment that disgraced England in the beginning of the nineteenth century. It was the same influence which is developing slowly, but surely, into ever nobler proportions, the conception of a *national conscience*—the universally pervasive influence of a great moral philosophy, demanding a dominion coterminous with human activity. The very nature of men demands always a harmony between their fundamental faiths and every element of their objective life.

These reflections lead us to a principle of deep significance as embodying the dynamic relation between Human Progress and Philosophy in its most universal sense. We confidently affirm that no essential transformation in a civilization is possible which is not directly conditioned by a corresponding fundamental revolution in human thinking. However much this statement may commend itself at a first glance for its simplicity and reasonableness, there is yet a widely prevalent impression among men that there is but one law which governs the development of civilization, and that is the law of *immediate necessity*—employing, it is true, as its effective agent, an intelligent perception that is, however, but the creature of compulsion, that responds to the demand of the present and then lapses into passivity until set at work once more by importunate human need. So broadly stated, as a universal principle, this theory is utterly

inadequate. Limited to the sphere of what may be called the non-essential variation of details, it is largely true. Political suggestion and economic invention do not spontaneously run ahead of the existing state of things. Men do not rush into revolutions for the love of them; their causes are laid deep in the unendurable imperfectness of the systems they aim to overturn. And we are bound to admit that great and radical modifications of institutions are conceivable independent of any philosophical revolution—the brief ripples on the surface of the great current of human life which yet flows on uninterrupted in its accustomed channel. A Christian nation is not confined by virtue of its Christianity to a Republican form of government. And it does not need new revelations on the brotherhood of man to shape a people's policy in the matter of Free Trade and Protection. But even in such changes as these, if there be any vital relation between the remodeled form and the trend of a nation's thought, the transformation must be such that, in the outcome, there shall be no real conflict between that thought and itself. Were it not, indeed, that new forms are thus measured according to one abiding standard, there could not be that approach to unity in the elements of a civilization which alone gives it its stability and coherence.

So far, then, the thought which finds its expression in those changes which do not revolutionize the essential character of civilization is the product of present, palpable necessity. But the great truth for which we contend is that it is *not* mere necessity which gives birth to those deep and far-reaching revolutions in human thinking that seem to energize the world anew and to reconstruct, according to a greater and more perfect plan, the whole warp and woof of human civilization. Philosophy has an onward movement of its own that has no cause save that which lies in its own inherent, self-created energy. World-changing ideas are suggested from within—not from without. Philosophy is

under no necessity to cast itself in the mould of human exigencies. If the defects of existing things sometimes suggest an unproductive suspicion of the principles which gave them being, it is only in advancing thought that the power resides to create new and more perfect forms and inspire them with a fresh vitality. The clamoring chaos of Roman society, just prior to the Christian era, never could have forced the creation of a Christian Philosophy. It is not that the cry for better systems compels the understanding of man into the perception of great truths; it is because his thought surpasses his life that he strives to expand that life until it shall come up to the full measure of the sum of his new knowledge. And thus far shall he go and no farther! As easily could you or I transcend our own ideals as could a human society attain to systems or institutions which should embody broader truths than they have learned or higher principles than they profess. Not all the examples of history nor all the counsels of wisdom could ever make the Brahmin cry "Liberty, equality and fraternity," unless it first implanted in him loftier and juster conceptions of human relations and human destiny. And the clumsy, repressive, unproductive institutions of China will remain, as they have remained for four thousand years, crystallized in unalterable form until the transforming power of new ideas shall remould them into the likeness of a greater and truer philosophy.

This, then, is the cause of human progress in its last analysis—the never-ceasing struggle of humanity to attain to a perfect harmony between its inner and its outer life; to inform its creations with the spirit of its philosophy. Let us rejoice that it is never satisfied nor at rest while there is a conflict between these two—while its forms do not comprehend and express the full sum of its advancing knowledge. Let us rejoice, too, in the conviction that man can never attain to a philosophy of life so lofty that it cannot be wrought into every detail of his living. The truth—

be it what it may—will ultimately triumph in civilization as in thought. And the splendid consummation of this double growth which the future shall bring to light, will be a philosophy so true and a civilization so in unity with that truth, that each shall be an inspiration to the perpetuity of the other. Philosophy shall find its perfect fulfillment in civilization, and civilization shall itself be the perfect warrant for the excellence of truth and its adequacy to the noblest developments of the corporate human life.

THE BALLAD OF ONÈTA.

PART I.

THE dusk lies heavy on the land,
The dew is dropping clear.
The great trees stand like a sentinel band
Watching the forest near—
Like sentinels grim in the twilight dim,
Wrapped round with shadows drear.

A golden haze floats o'er the hills,
Left by the sun's last beam,
And the convent's toll for a passing soul,
Is like weeping in a dream—
As one would weep, though fast in sleep
And hear it in his dream.

And see! from the dark'ning forest there,
Wendeth a funeral train,
And a corse they bear of a maiden fair
Who ne'er may blush again.
Full sad and slow does the cortege go
Along the leafy lane.

The death-bell tolls with a mournful sound—
It tolleth mournfully,
But the corse cared less in its quietness,
Than the stones it passed by,
While with chant and tear, on swept the bier
To the door of the convent high.

The day is e'en a fairest one,—
As fair as fair can be,
The great red sun, slow-dropping down,
Has plunged into the sea,
And the only blot on the fair, still spot,
Is that sad-faced companie!

The air is soft with summer wane
And humming of the bee,
The thrush's note doth rise and float
From out the linden tree,
And the only woe in it all, I trow,
Is that death-bell's minstrelsie!

The convent doors they ne'er are fast—
Straight on the long train went;
The nave they passed, and they came at last
Before the sacrament
Where the daylight sweet on her winding-sheet
With the candle-light was blent.

They laid the bier upon the stone,
The soul's last mass was said,
And tapers white, to burn all night,
Were plac'd at the head,
And they lifted now from the icy brow
The face-cloth of the dead.

They left her there in her calm disdain,
'Mid the candles burning dim;
Is't figure of stone that lies alone
In the death-sheets, limb to limb?
Hark! sudden and plain floats out the strain
Of the nuns in their twilight hymn.

Hymn of the Nuns.

Mater Nostri Domini!
O, Beata lacrimans!
Jesus mater cari mi,
Ante pedes Christi stans,
Nunc miserimi oramus,
Tua venia ploramus,
Te excelsam adoramus,
Mater Nostri Domini!

Softly, sadly swept the music
 O'er the clay so still and blind,
 And the chant went wailing round her
 Like the wail of autumn wind.

Flamed the altar-candles redly
 On the meekly folded hands;
 Pleadingly the prayer ascended,
 "O, *Beata lacrimans!*"

But the passion-flush had faded
 From the face that calm did lie,
 As at eve the warm light fadeth
 From the blending wave and sky.

"*Nunc miserimi oramus—*"
 Came the dirge more sad and slow,
 Floating o'er the sheeted figure,
 Cold alike to weal or woe.

Calm she lay there in her swathings,
 As one praying silently;
 Sadly fell the miserere,
 "*Mater Nostri Domini!*"

PART II.

[Space above the bier—night.]

First Spirit—

"How hath she sinned?"

Second Spirit—

"To mortal hands
 She gave the worship HE demands."

First Spirit—

"So she forgot her God! And how—
 Hath she sinned more?"

Second Spirit—

"Aye, by a vow."

First Spirit—

"Was not the vow to HIM?"

Second Spirit—

"Twas vowed to man." "Not so;

First Spirit—

"And she did know
 That HE permits no vow to bless
 Which does not ask His willingness?"

Second Spirit—

“She knew.”

First Spirit—

“But tell me. Did she pray,
Before her spirit left its clay?”

Second Spirit—

“She gazed e’en while her eyes grew dim
Upon a mortal—not on HIM!”

[Spirits vanish.]

PART III.

[Purgatory—within the gates.]

Evil Spirit—

“Thou shalt not!”

Onèta—

“Only this I pray, Oh let me only go,
To throw my arms once around his neck and whisper soft and low
And tell him that I love him still and love him true and dear
And that it is not by my will that they have bound me here.
For love is stronger e’en than death. Dear God! and must I stay
And know he waits and watches for my coming day by day?
The eve we sat beneath the lime, his troth-kiss on my brow,
We gazed into each other’s eyes, and made our solemn vow
That, come what might, our love should hold and grow with every breath
(We only knew one enemy—that enemy was death).
And if the pale death-angel should claim one for his own,
And one were left to live and one were laid beneath the stone,
That even there our love should last, and who was first on bier
Should come to earth again to clasp the form of all most dear.
And so to meet once face to face, to seal our love and know
That both are waiting till we meet where the living cannot go.
And lo, God willed that I should die. Alas for me! and now
The time draws near when I must make fulfilment of my vow.
I pray thee, only let me pass! Kind spirit, pity me!
I’ll serve thee as thou wilt, if thou wilt only set me free!”

Evil Spirit—

“Thou shalt not!”

Onèta—

“Nay, ’tis but this once; I will not ask again!
I’ll bear it all in silence, then,—these bonds and bitter pain.
I cannot bear to see him sit all silent and alone!
To see his dear face grown so pale, that smiled upon my own!
To see his eyes that gazed in mine, look out so mournfully,
And know that he is thinking of his lost love, and of me!”

Evil Spirit—

"Thou canst not!"

Onèta—

"Only this—but this! Oh, let me pass, I pray!

I only ask one single hour. Thou canst not say me nay!

I only ask one little hour to lie upon his breast;

A thousand years I'll offer thee, and serve thee all the rest!"

Evil One—

"Forbear! I take it. Spare thy tears!

For one short hour, a thousand years!"

Evil Spirits—

"A thousand years! A thousand years!"

Angel—

"Back! Is it willed?"

Voice—

"It is."

Evil One—

"Thou'rt free!

(A thousand years she offers me!")

Angel—

"Couldst thou but see as angels may!

And thou so fair! I pray thee stay!"

Voice—

"Cease! The choice is hers."

PART IV.

The day dawneth fair o'er the fields and the stream,
And the forest lies dark as the haunt of a dream;
The sun peereth red thro' the light morning mist,
And the smile of the morn was as lovely, I wist,
As a babe smileth, sleeping.

The bride kneeleth still at St. Agnes' white shrine;
She heeds not the bridesmaids, she sips not the wine;
Her face is far paler than bride's face should be,
And she clasps no love gift, but a bead rosary.
Dear Saints! Is she weeping?

But she starts as the bell peaaleth clear from the wood,
And ariseth in haste from the shrine and the rood,
All prepared for the bridal—but sore is she pale,
And with fast-trembling fingers she fastens her veil.
Now, what is she fearing?

The bridegroom's as gallant as e'er wore a spur !
Who more handsome or fearless than young Mortimer ?
True, thy wooing was brief, but then, who could be cold
When a lover so handsome's a lover so bold,
And so persevering !

When his eyes are bent on thee—too tender, I wiss !
When your hand is imprisoned and lieth in his,
So noble—so brave—Ah, who would not prefer
To be loved by a lover like young Mortimer,
And to yield to his suing ?

But spare thee no longer ; the moment is here.
The train of the bridegroom is waiting anear,
The bell of the convent rings out wide and free,
And joyful are all in that gay companie,
Of the wooed and the wooing.

She mounts on her palfrey—her maidens before,
And gives one last look at the deep-latticed door,
' Now farewell, all the merriest years of my life !'
For she leaves there a maiden—she comes back a wife,
To belong to another.

Thro' the forest and over the hill winds the train,
While the youth and the maidens are smiling again,
Till they entered the door in the old convent wall,
And swept thro' the court-yard, along the great hall,
Where awaiteth her mother.

Why halteth the groom at the high chapel door ?
Can he think of a bier that was borne there before ?
And why is the hand the bride clasps grown acold ?
Does he think of a corse lying low in the mold
' Neath dank grave-sod sleeping ?

Now on to the altar he leadeth the bride,
While the bride's-maidens slyly are glancing aside
At the priest who awaiteth them there for the rite—
Why stareth the bridegroom so wild and so white ?
The bride 'gineth weeping.

Why lifts he his arm and starts back where he stands,
All a-tremble, and covers his face with his hands ?

He whispered one name—and the name was of one
Who was laid in the kirk-yard, deep under the stone,
With a vow in her keeping!

Quick turned they and faintly descried in the gloom
A shadow that lay as though stricken with doom.
The face pressed the ground so that none could it see,
And the hands were as wrung in a mute agonie!
Look, the bride! She is swooning!

But one glance they gave at the figure, before
The bridegroom shrieked wild and fell stark on the floor;
His face 'gainst the marble, as marble was grey.
And they looked, but the shadow had vanished away
Like the shadows at nooning.

High court was there in Heaven
And revelry in Hell,
And tears, I ween, in the place between,
Where sin-stained spirits dwell.
The day e'en yet was pale,
Nor half the hour was gone,
When they were 'ware of a spirit there
Whose head was bow'd down.

She wrung her slender hands.
"Bring all your torments now!
Welcome the pain, and bonds again,
So I have paid my vow!"
But the fiends lay still and laughed—
They laughed aloud with glee,
For well they know, that beyond all woe,
Is a true heart's agonie.

For man loves but an hour,
Alas, for human cry!
But woman's love doth steady prove,
It liveth on for aye.
O human love so strong!
O human love so frail!
O woman's love—to love so long!
O man's—so soon to fail!

TITA—A TALE.

'WAY down in Maine—known only to the enthusiastic sportsman—lie a little cluster of lakes sleeping in almost unruffled repose in the shadows of the "Boundary Mountains," their edges fringed with the shaggy boughs of spruce and hemlock, their placid silence broken only by the splash of the darting king-fisher or the saucy chatter of the red-squirrel when the mischievous wind rocks his unsteady domicile. On the steep bank of one of these "ponds" are situated a little group of huts built by the enterprising Molineaux for the accommodation of those summer exiles to whom the silent-stepping deer and leaping trout appear more attractive than the ball-room at Rodick's or the fascinations and witcheries of the flirtatious "Pier."

It was on a bright day in June that I reached the terminus of the railroad and seemingly of civilization, at the town of Farmington, and departed thence in a so-called stage, finally tumbled out after a wearisome forty-mile ride at the little white farm-house near which starts the twenty-eight-mile trail to the "Seven Ponds"—on the path of Benedict Arnold's unfortunate expedition to Quebec. The next day, leaving my luggage to be carried in by pack-horse, I made an early start, my rifle slung over my arm and a rough and tedious tramp before me. The damp leaf-mould makes heavy walking, and when finally tired-out I entered the wide-open door of Molineaux and encountered the genial glow of hospitality and ruddy firelight, the rest offered by a hard bench was most acceptable. While awaiting with much expectation the trout-chowder that mine host was busied in preparing, the tall guides, full of that interest in a new-comer always displayed in out-of-the-way places, stood around and plied me with the indirect, insinuating and seemingly indifferent questions so characteristic of the backwoodsman, each one commencing with the inveterate "perhaps." It was at this time I met my future

guide, Frank Dougherty, a fine specimen of manly physique, whose well-knit frame was evident in spite of the shapeless garments that covered it—for the Maine guide is comparatively too near that wonderful institution of American civilization, the village store, to clothe himself in the traditional buckskin of the trapper—and his variegated and wretchedly-fitting garments savor more of Baxter street than the woodland. His broad chest and square shoulders told of many hours spent with the axe and paddle. His tight-curling hair, dark eyes, level brows, and black moustache over a firm mouth, all contributed to cause me to be at once wonderfully taken with him, and when he inquired if I wanted "Some on' to show me aroun' these yere woods?" and offered himself, I counted myself fortunate indeed. I ate my simple supper under the bark roof and listened to the tales of the big moose "killed up to the 'Chain-o'-ponda,'" and the "five-pound at Spider Lake," till the low mumble of the conversation and the cozy warmth of the glowing embers made me ready and eager to be shown to my bed of balsam boughs.

Next morning I arose with the sun, and, as breakfast did not seem to be immediately forthcoming, picking some empty beer bottles, that would naturally seem rather out of place in a strictly prohibition State, strolled down to the raft that served as a dry-dock for the "Rangely" boats. One by one I tossed the bottles far out on the water, and then sitting down, shot at them with my rifle.

The beauty of the morning and the clear, crisp, exhilarating air charmed even my unpoetic mind. Far away, a mere speck against the deep blue of the sky, far above the serrated mountain tops, raised an eagle in widening circles; the sharp and oft-repeated echo awakened at intervals by my rifle came back to me over the blue waters of the lake, the surface of which was slightly ruffled by the faintly blowing breeze. Suddenly, as I cracked my fourth bottle, I heard a rustling behind me, and a low, soft voice said quaintly,

"My, you kin shoot!" and, turning quickly, I saw behind me a brown little maid looking for all the world like some shy *pixie* or wood nymph, smiling in artless admiration of my marksmanship. She made a pretty picture, with the neutral tints of brown logs and curling smoke in the background; her dimpled arms akimbo; her tattered print gown loosely belted, but sufficiently to show the gentle curves and perfect contour of a girl who for sixteen (trite and thoughtless) years had flitted free as a dryad in and out among the shadows of the spruce trees; her brown eyes, deeply fringed, gazing calmly and honestly from beneath a mass of coal-black hair tossing in tangled luxuriance o'er her shoulders; her bare, brown, rounded ankles just appearing beneath her skirt. I looked long and admiringly, and then feeling that I must break the silence said: "Who are you, little girl," and then pondered over the extreme brilliancy of my remark. She looked mildly at me: "I—why I'm Petite Marie Molineaux—and besides, I'm not a little girl, I'm most sixteen, and I know who you are; you're the new man that came last night." And having thus unequivocally and satisfactorily settled our respective identities she sat near me and commented, in a very practical and unfeminine manner, on my rifle, its make, various advantages, and finally, with bright eyes and a charming little mouè, asked to try it. Crack! went the last bottle, and when I complimented her on her skill she tossed her dainty little head disdainfully, and with a "Pooh—that ain't nothin'," ran lightly to the largest cabin, dignified by the name of "Dining Hall."

Many a time since then have I sat with "Tita," and I fear often when I would have been in the deep woods or lying silent on the shore of the tiny lake on the top of Snow mountain in wait for deer, did I sit idly on the steps of the "Dining Hall," talking to Tita. I was not always thus inactive though, with her impulsive questions about the outside world of which she knew nothing, her apt and saucy replies, and her torrent of French expletives, Tita,

who would fly around with the deftness of a humming bird and the industry of a bee, was infinitely charming. The eirie little maiden conceived quite a liking for me and, innocently following me to my favorite seat beneath a pine on a mossy bank of the lake, would chatter to me by the hour. But did I ever so much as notice her particularly or touch her—as I well remember the first time I ventured to take her hand—with a shy glance she would steal away.

Frank Dougherty was a guide after my own heart. On the cold starlit nights, when the "Jock's" shining circle lit up the foliage on the shore with wierd effect—and the dew lay damp and chilly on the gun-barrel, slowly and silently his strong arm would send the canoe, and would skillfully guide the boat as I threw my fly or played a two-pounder. A smart fellow he was, too, and we grew very fond of each other. He would tell me of his life "guidin'" in summer, logging or searching for spruce-gum in winter, or buying worn-out horses in New York and Boston to sell at high profits in the woods. He knew the habits of the deer, could tie a fly, and work magical transformations with an ax or a jack-knife—as simple-minded a man as I ever met, level-headed and noble-hearted. I had not been with him many days before I noticed his fondness for Tita, but the little coquette flouted and laughed at him, and indeed, at all the men in the camp, while to me she was quiet and shy as a kitten. She liked me, perhaps, because I treated her with those little courtesies which from inbred habit become second nature to a city chap, and which little attentions pleased her womanly heart. But Frank plainly loved her and would look darkly when she chatted with me, or served me a bowl of warm soup after I had come in late in the evening.

One night, when the moon and stars with ever and anon swiftly scudding clouds were mirrored in the still lake, I strolled away from the dying camp-fire to the shore; and there sat Tita on the bottom of an up-turned boat; one might do worse things on a cool evening than sit beside a

quizzical, changeable little maiden and while away an hour, but then one generally does do worse; and the temptation to a little desperate flirtation was too strong to be resisted. "Tita," I said, "do you know I am very fond of you?" she glanced at me with her bright eyes, like a shy little mouse and said never a word. "Tita," and my arm crept slowly about her, "kiss me, Tita, won't you?" and to my surprise the dark head never moved. I swiftly bent and snatched what, at least, was not denied me—suddenly two smooth strong arms encircled my neck, and Tita, trembling, quivering, was in my arms—her damp tear-showered cheek pressed passionately against mine—and her voice between the sobs said, "O I love you, '*Je l'aimerai tellement avec ton*' mo' cœur.'" I was startled at the little tempest that I aroused, for this was more than I had looked for, and when a little later, Tita with a frightened look in her dark eyes, stole away, I walked with head down and remorse in my heart towards my cabin, and I had to confess both a slight perturbation in that region where the physiologists locate a bundle of sensory nerves, and which poets call the heart, and a feeling of satisfaction which proved that I had not come off scatheless from the little encounter. Yes, it often happened again. I fear that remorse brought no strong resolution therewith, I was just twenty-one—to err is human—and the fact remains that the evenings that I did not manage to find Tita out by the boats were few and far between.

The third week of my stay, or thereabouts, I planned a trip with Frank to the "Little Boundary Ponds," where deer were traditionally plenty. We "jocked" one of the little lakes all night, without hearing even the whistle of a buck, and so decided to spend next day in the alders on its banks, if, perchance, a deer might be tempted to come down and eat the crisp lily pods. Frank had plainly something on his mind; he had been silent and glum for some time, and his usually blithe and cheery countenance was clouded,

and he stood long gazing over the level expanse of the lake, scanning each spot along the farther shore. Suddenly he turned to me. "Harry," he said—one quickly loses the conventional "Mr." in the "North" woods—"I'd like fer to lick ye." "Well," I said, not immediately realizing the turn things were taking, and looking at his sinewy arms and powerful neck, "Well, I guess you wouldn't have much trouble if you tried—what's the matter?" "Do ye know ye're in fer breakin' the heart of the sweetest little girl in the world?—yes, and though it ain't much matter, the heart of a man that truly loves her."

"Well, it strikes me you've a deal of cheek; what"—

"Oh, now, Harry, don't ye get angry, but ye know that she thinks the world of ye, and that even if ye do love her, ye can't never marry her; ye *have* to go away some time; ye don't know these little girls; it'll break her heart, it will, an' kill her; and ye're not hard-hearted; I know ye, Harry; truly, she ain't for the likes o' ye. Ye've dead cut us all out; ye city chaps kin talk to a girl and ain't afeared of her. But fer ye, I'd a married her by next year; and, please God, I ain't give up hope yet, if ye'll *only be reasonable*."

"Well, what do you want me to do, Frank?"

"Why, go away—leave the place. There's good shootin' over to the Moose river; and I'll be darn sorry to say good-bye to ye, but that a little fun for ye'ud spoil my life, for I love her."

I tramped up and down in a very unsportsmanlike manner, and bit my lips. Duty was plain enough, but the summer was not yet half over, and I had intended to stay till the end of September. I thought of Nell, with her haughty chin and her pride of family; of Mabel, the little black-eyed flirt, and Alice, with her biting, sarcastic gossip about everybody, and her chatter of Lenox and Tuxedo, and then of that little child of nature, merry, light-hearted and thoughtless, bravely taking her share in the hard work of camp—pretty, and perfect in every feature, and wondered—if, per-

haps, she was not worth all of them. But there stood Frank, with the patient pleading of a dumb animal expressed in his large eyes. Noble fellow! I loved him—yes, he was worth having; *he* was the man for her. He had appealed to my manhood, but even at this early day the self-sacrifice seemed a bit too great; but I set my teeth, and said calmly:

“Frank, you’re right, old man; good luck to you; you deserve her. If you are half as earnest with her as you’ve been with me, she *can’t* refuse you. She don’t care a snap of her finger for me; she’ll forget me as soon as I’m out of sight; go in and win.”

“God bless ye for that, but,” looking doubtful, “ye won’t see her again alone, will ye?” This last struck right home, for I had settled the idea of one last, sweet meeting with Tita like a sweet morsel under my tongue, but—but—well, I promised. Though I shot a deer at sundown, that day had no more interest for me and the balsam boughs that night had not their usual specific effect.

Next morning the unsuspecting Tita greeted me as usual, and cheerily brought in my breakfast; but when a horse was brought before the door and my slight luggage, with gun-cases and rods, were strapped to the saddle and I began to bid adieu to the men, her brown face grew pale, and, dazed, with wide open, inquiring eyes, she tremblingly held out her hand to me.

“Good-bye, Tita; be good to Frank; he’s a fine fellow; I’ll send you something from New York; adieu *cherie*,” and, after a hearty grasp and grateful glance from Frank, I was soon slowly climbing the hill on the old trail back of the cabins. The last I saw of Tita?

There was a bend in the road, and just beyond, over the hill, a little foot-path from the camp joined it. She must have flown along it with the fleetness of a fawn, for just at the bend stood her familiar figure. A quick grasp at my hand, a slight pressure on my stirrup, and Tita was beside me. O, the protestations, now in sweet Canadian French,

now in English, that poured from that quivering little mouth.

I told her that I *had* to go; that I was called to New York; that I'd see her again; that she musn't forget me; that I would never forget her; anything to quiet the poor child. But the horse was carrying us on, and the moment of parting must come. Lightly she sprang down, and bravely and sweetly she held up her pure little face for a last adieu. I stooped, and then, with an energy born of despair for all resolutions, I struck my horse and dashed down the road. She stood with arms stretched out to me until I reached another turn and looked back, and there she had fallen in a forlorn little heap with her hands over her face.

A week later found me in Newport. Often when on the cliff-walk would I absently drop my sentences, and my thoughts wander to that far-away spot in Maine—to the astonishment and vexation of some fair companions. I've thought of her often since. Has she grown ponderous and prosaic, like her good-natured mother? Did she marry Frank? I know not. But I *do* know that many times, as I sit in my bachelor apartments "on the Avenue" and gaze into the fire—while I bite the end of a dead cigar—have I longed to hear the water lapping against the slippery old dock and the wind droning and moaning through the pines, the chirping of the woodbirds as they cozily settle in their nests, to see the broad moon rising over the mountain tops with the branches of some dead forest monarch outlined against her silver face—to hear the soft lisp and quaint sibilant intonations of Tita.

"THE ANGELUS."

THE sombre hour draws on,
That paints the twilight hues;
The summer sun has gone,
And fall the voiceless dews.

The distant trees and spires
Are tipped with crimson light—
The kiss the sun requires
At parting for the night.

Soft on the quiet air,
From distant, darken'd tower,
The vesper bell for prayer
Rings out with mystic power.
And list'ning in the field
The toilers cease and raise
To Him, the unrevealed,
The whisper of their praise.

Well ended is the day,
At hallowed evening time,
To bow our heads and pray
When peals the distant chime.
And when life's evenings end,
And we have labored well,
Our praise will still ascend
At our last vesper bell.

LOGOMACHY IN FICTION.

TO TRACE the absolute beginnings of a far-felt movement in literature or art is like seeking to discover the innumerable hidden springs that, in the form of brook or torrent, hasten to meet one another and to swell the mighty on-rushing river. Any broad and far-reaching movement in letters is usually the confluence of variations of the one thought, sprung simultaneously from several dissociated minds. Waiving the consideration of the primal tendencies that lead up to our present forms in fiction, it may be said with certainty that the conditions of his age have presupposed the type of novel which each writer has produced, and that the development of fiction has depended, to some extent, upon the advancement of the nation in which it was

produced; even as in reflex, the advance of a people depends upon the increasing value and influence of their literary forms. Thus, literary history becomes national history.

The latest development of fiction, realism, is, in its higher forms, an evolution of our democratic society, which reposes its trust for permanent improvement in the average individual. Its keynote, as struck by Walt Whitman, is—cease to attitudinize; be sincere; be true to present conditions. Whether we see this spirit in Tolstoi of Russia, or in Howells of America, we may be sure that it had its growth in the democratic idea. Examined in another aspect, realism is one of the natural products of the latter part of this century. Practical ideas and their application to present needs are now the valued offerings to thought. Utility is capable of endless variations; and we find its effects even in fiction. The inherent worth of an idea is not always weighed. If Plato had written his "Republic" in this age, he might have taken a lower rank than Henry George.

Although there are decidedly realistic descriptions discoverable as far back as in the Old Testament narrative, the credit of being the foremost revolter against the idealization of character is given to Mr. W. D. Howells. Mr. Howells began his defection by detecting serious blemishes in such works, for example, as Dickens' Christmas Stories, stories which old-fashioned people are wont even yet to make great ado over. Mr. Howells finds "the pathos false and strained; the humor largely horse-play; the characters theatrical; the joviality pumped; the psychology commonplace." Elsewhere he says: "In the day of Dickens' early 'Christmas Stories,' it was thought admirable for the author to take types of humanity which everybody knew and to add to them, till they were as strange as beasts and birds talking."

But Mr. Howell's crusade is not merely against the exaggerations and stage-play of the Dickens school. Realism

is also disdainfully averse to the school of which Wilkie Collins is a representative—a school which would tend to make the characterization subordinate to the plot instead of the plot dependent upon the characterization.

Realism protests that not only the thought, but also its expression, should be adequately individual. The personality—the spice—of a speech should be carefully preserved. Victor Hugo may make his actors speak in short, crisp style, all the author's own; and Hawthorne, as Mr. Lathrop says, "can scarcely permit his actors to speak loosely or ungrammatically;" but realists would have the lifelike even to the intonation. The realist assumes a threatening front toward the romantic element that would stir far beyond the experience of ordinary life. The exceptional or unwonted in nature, he distrusts. He holds that only in hours of mental relaxation and moral lassitude could a cultivated person enjoy such extravagant adventures as are, with the *seeming* truthfulness of a DeFoe chronicled in "She." He usually dislikes the treatment of the psychological problem, as "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde,"—which would show men's evil nature, by indulgence, prevailing over his better angel. He is hostile to the mysterious and inexplicable—in short, to all except the knowable.

Mr. Howells contends that everything in nature is worthy of delineation, the beggar in the hovel and the king in the palace. But while universal human nature should be depicted, realism requires that each novelist shall compose his work of local material. He must represent life and character as he sees them around him. Thus, under the spell of Mr. Cable's pen we live in the sunny South, among the creoles and darkies; and under the wished-for wand of Miss Murfree we are spirited away to the Tennessee Mountains, there to be interested in the mountaineers despite their woeful ignorance. The idealist may in imagination go roaming round the world and may take a Turk or Spaniard for an intimate; but the realist is modestly exclusive and contents himself with his native society.

Another limitation of realism is that it concerns itself entirely with what now is. Believing in the immutability of human nature, it contends that, by giving the problems of the present, it is writing a general equation representing all time. This explains why it distrusts the historical novel, even when it is erected on a realistic basis. It were folly to attempt to catch the elusive spirit of a bygone age. Even the present contains mazes inexplicable. "In so far as we see," says Realism, "let us, without passion or prejudice, without scorn at depicting the humblest of 'human mortals' truthfully, sincerely and simply display life and action as they are." Let the objective be noted carefully, and then let conclusions be drawn; that is, the realist must regard human action and then employ a valid use of the imagination in figuring out the workings of the mind, in which resides the motive power. Realism would term this a valid use of the imagination in contradistinction to the imagination which would picture the unreal and see

"The light that never was on sea or land."

Of course, it will depend much upon the mental and moral vision of the realist. He may be near-sighted or far; if so, let him with the utmost care select the needful glasses, and then examine, as minutely as he can, these human atoms, and, without shutting his eyes and fancying all manner of wondrous colors and shapes, let him candidly set down the definite results of his observations. But let him on no account communicate anything that his deceitful fancies would lead him to suppose true, unless he has verified it by the test of experience. Let him studiously avoid all connection with any but "human mortals," and those "human mortals" whom, in his restricted range, he has scrutinized. Let there be no incident in the narrative, no sequence of purpose and result, that the most skeptical critic will not affirm to be altogether probable.

This is the general tenor of realism. With an exclusiveness almost amounting to the prejudice that it abhors, it shuts out from true art the novels that overstep a prescribed line. Its axiom is, that you must not work from the inward to the outward, as Hawthorne used to do, but that you must attentively examine the outward—a man's appearance, the fashion of his dress and of his manner—and jot down no data that you cannot conclusively corroborate.

In fact realism, in its present interpretation and restrictions, would seem to set a price upon superficiality. It tends to be episodic rather than biographical. Very few of the genuinely realistic novels, those that follow out the realistic tenets, have a satisfactory or definite ending. In the old time when romance held sway, the after-life of the principal personages was at least indicated in outline. Subsequent to the *dénouement*, the most stirring adventurers settled down to a life of sobriety or nonentity. With the peal of marriage bells the record of hero and heroine was closed. Now things have suffered a change. Our constructive faculty is taxed to the utmost in fancying what is the outcome of these quiet incidents, which we have been inveigled into reading. When this form of realism is exaggerated, we have a novel in which we meet people as we would at a summer hotel. Nothing is strained. More thought is expended in describing the intonations of the actor than in giving his remarks. The conversations are not pitched in a high key. Polite nothings are enunciated in the accepted manner. Our fellow-boarders are rarely under the influence of moving emotions, and at these rare intervals contain themselves so well that we cannot sound the depths of their nature; but there has been some elegant toying and some delicate fingering with character, if we have not felt their heart-throbs and penetrated through the veneer of polite speech into their inner workings. Relevant to this, Mr. Howells, in discoursing in *Harper's* upon Tolstoi and his countrymen, remarks that any one here who

elevated his theme to such a tragic height would be untrue to our life—as if our broad land could not show sorrows and wrongs as deep and far felt, if not so frequent, as in Russia.

Realism, when it tries to handicap in this way, must help to render the novelist prosaic. It allows him humor with attendant flashes of wit, but no vagaries or fantasies. He must distrust high passions and lofty imaginings. He must be composed, without the gushing sympathy that Dickens expends upon his people, but with something of the coldness and moral apathy that Goethe displays in handling his actors. In delineating, he must not be conscious. He must not shove forward his own personality. He must never exchange winks and overt confidences with the gentle reader as Thackeray does. Nor must the realist necessarily write to rectify abuses; for, as Mr. Thomas Hardy says, "Novels which most conduce to moral profit are likely to be among those written without a moral purpose;" nor is he to value art for art's sake, as do the French. Every trend of his nature must subserve to truth.

But while realism is taking the field and marshalling its ranks, idealism is not silent. It can defend itself bravely. It contends that not only what happens within the limited range of experience but what could happen, what is not contrary to nature, should be included within the rightful domain of fiction. It goes further. Mr. Hardy, in whom Mr. Howells finds the best qualities of George Eliot and Charles Reade, says although his proclivities are realistic, "It must always be borne in mind, despite the claims of realism, that the best fiction, like the highest artistic expression in other modes, is more true, so to put it, than history or nature can be." Again, he remarks, "What is called the idealization of characters is, in truth, the making of them too real to be possible."

However this may be, it is certainly true that the plot of a story may be altogether improbable, even impossible, yet

it may perfectly suggest thoughts of the deepest truth and helpfulness. But the characters themselves must be truthfully delineated. They must be natural and act naturally. The unlikelihood in the plot of "King Lear" but helps to flash forth human nature in gleams as vivid as unusual. If more ordinary machinery had been employed, such heights of tragic passion could less easily have been attained; and our knowledge of human infirmity tried to the extreme of human endurance, could never have been so complete.

But an illustration nearer at hand may be advanced. In the July "Scribner's" for 1888, is a short story deftly told. "Maestro Ambrogio" is a learned doctor of the Middle Ages, who, it is inferred, discovers the secret of life. A lady of the most marvellous beauty is believed to be the creation of human skill. Her form is faultless, yet in her presence, even her creator feels an indefinable something wanting. Its absence dims her every charm. Her eyes are fair and drooping, but in them there is no light of kindly purpose. Measured by the animal appetite, she is everything to be desired; but judged by a purer perception, the image of the Creator is nowhere graven upon her statuesque loveliness. She is not "a living soul." The characters in this suggestive picture are accurately drawn. The work has a genuine ring, though the theme is founded upon a physical impossibility. The writer probably intended to show a materialistic age in a picturesque way, and therefore in the most delightful and memorable way, that, while skill and pluck can do much, they cannot explain away the inscrutable mysteries and impenetrable sanctities that environ us. The only suitable background for this is the Middle Ages. The scene is distant in time and place; but both the temporal and topical conditions are those symmetrical with the subject. This aspiration to discover the vital power in man, by which the writer offers us a comparison of the fifteenth century ideals and intents with those of the nineteenth, blends into and is only perfectly compatible with

the middle-age spirit, since the natural sciences were then not so clearly divorced from metaphysics and mysticism. But the fitting surroundings are not more important than the appropriate subject. Realism asserts that every phase of life is worthy of minute depiction. A realist would say that Dickens started in the right direction by representing the despised, the vulgar, and the near-at-hand, but that he was mistaken in wrapping a luminous page of fancy about the common-place instead of letting the common place rest on its own merits and truth.

Idealism replies that an unusual degree of genius is required to make the account of vulgarity, ignorance and squalor, readable; and as the dirt on a child's face mars its beauty, so the adherence to fact in unsavory details detracts from the relish and therefore from the profit; because what interests, provided it be not untrue or unhealthy, is most memorable and beneficial. And surely the accurate description of a view from a mountain is just as true and healthy, as well as stimulating and broadening, as the minute analysis of the view when seen through a magnifying glass. So long as the objects retain their relative proportion, either method is legitimate; but the former is the more natural of the two.

Again, the idealist asks, cannot realism justify sensible selection? Because a thing is real, exists in life, is that an inherent reason why it should continue to exist in letters after it may have ceased to exist in life? If it be well to paint phases of moral decrepitude, provided the portrait be faithful, then Zola, in digging up the slime of nature, is doing a good work. And the realist defends Zola, although he would have his books read only when,—

"The hey-day in the blood is tame, 'tis humble,
And waits upon the judgment."

He would have only those read Zola who can moralize upon the habits of the French peasantry and study their

heredity and surroundings without being themselves demoralized.

On the other hand, the ethical element with a suitable admixture of the entertaining, is the guiding principle to the idealist. He recognizes the fact that as our attitude toward what we do not understand is infrequently self-abasement at our ignorance and oftener indifference, because we remind ourselves of the greater import of our own knowledge and cogitations, so we only fully appreciate and value that in which we are interested. He urges that to arouse interest in a legitimate way is the controlling motive in the fine arts, in every art.

It should take a painter as long to search for a subject as to limn the conception when found. And however perfect the execution, if the picture suggests a disgusting thought or no thought at all, his endeavor is vain. Thus it is in fiction. We do not consider whether the novelist has selected home-made material and worked against discouraging odds. We judge only of the result. We say, "Your first duty was to select an appropriate subject." Literature, except lyric and dramatic poetry, resolves itself into talks jotted down. Written language is but a sequence of the oral. In conversation our purpose is to please by informing, so it should be in literature, especially in those branches designed exclusively to entertain, as poetry and fiction.

To accomplish this object the idealist would oppose Mr. Henry James, who would have fiction paint "life without re-arrangement," and would coincide with Vernon Lee, who says, "We have no right to present to the intellect, which by its nature expects essences, types, lessons, generalizations, a casual bit of unarranged, unstudied reality, which is not any of these things, which is only reality, and which ought to have reality's destructibility and fleetingness."

The result of this rather bladdery logomachy is yet in the moulding. The muse of fiction will, no doubt, undergo

much chiseling and recasting before she rises an immaculate statue worthy of a novelistic Phideas or Praxiteles. Some doctrines will be forgotten and some recalled on both sides, and then, perhaps, it will be discovered that neither opponent is combative. It will be seen that realism, for its own preservation, must be held in check, because the further the realist pushes his tenets the greater will be the popular revulsion toward the more extravagant themes. Reaction is ever taking place. The revolt against Puritanism ended in the beastly indulgence of Charles the Second's time. The same law is operative in literature. The books of Haggard are greedily swallowed as a total change of diet. It will also be seen that the most outlandish tale is admired, not for its outlandishness, but simply because, with all its maniacal fancies, it has about it a smack of truth and naturalness that redeems its idiosyncrasy.

It will be seen that imagination itself has its source in realism, and is but the patching together and amplifying of scraps of "shadowy recollections" that have been gathered in a previous scrutiny of nature and life, but that, when put together, these fragments may bear no resemblance to anything that may ever have existed. While we are yet human we must fancy and dream. Then, if realism ceases to emphasize unduly the detail of nature, and begins to show tolerance for the "visionary gleam" that would pierce beyond this tiny earth into the starry universe, and it will proffer moderate courtesy to our crude taste, when we would be sated by successful exploits against terrific odds, then we prophesy that the novelist of the future is the realist.

When the disputants realize that art, if fettered, becomes narrow and manneristic, they will increase their influence in a bond of affiliation. They will then fulfill George Eliot's requirements, "Paint us an angel, if you can, with a floating violet robe, and a face paled by the celestial light; paint us yet oftener a Madonna, turning her mild face upwards, and opening her arms to welcome the divine glory,

but do not impose on us any æsthetic rules which shall banish from the region of art those old women, scraping carrots with their work-worn hands, those heavy clowns, taking holiday in a dingy pot-house."

Then it will be recognized that realism bears somewhat the resemblance to idealism that the wax figure, cunningly mimicing life, does to the marble statue. Then it will be proved that the actual, deeply, broadly and fully seen, is the ideal.

TO ROBERT BROWNING.

A POET'S soul! The heavens seem
To shed an afterglow at thought
Of him whose soul I fancy wrought
In finer form than mortals dream.

A bright celestial soul, diffused
Yet vitalized, as yon cloud spreads
A broader tissue of light shreds.
A radiant soul, but least abused

By contact with the clothing clay,
Is now loosed from entanglement;
A life most fully, amply spent,
A mem'ry of a darkened day.

Him, human kind, elate, aye proud
At seeing self through poet's lens,
Unite with those few citizens
Death wraps in no Lethean shroud.

VOICES.

"COLLEGES WITHOUT TEMPTATION."

THAT there is a desire on the part of fond parents for a college free from the ordinary temptations which assail every young man upon quitting the paternal roof, is significant, and worthy of at least some attention. But when that desire calls for an "Ideal" institution in the shape of a reformatory or "home" where the professors are expected to perform the duty of teaching, and at the same time take up the strict paternal oversight of the boy where that of the natural parent ceased, it is time to vindicate the position of the college and at the same time strive to elevate and purify it. This is admirably treated in the *Nation* of a recent date, and we wish to emphasize some of its main points.

In the first place, it is generally understood that there are temptations peculiar to college life which confront every man with equal force. There is also the spirit of association and brotherhood, which is stronger, perhaps, than in any other institution. This very thing is a test of the strength and weakness of every student. Upon leaving home influences and associations for the first time, the boy naturally craves companionship, and at college he finds it the easiest thing in the world to obtain; and right here lies the secret of the whole trouble. He will always follow his own inclinations; "As the twig is bent, the tree's inclined," and if he seeks the companionship of good, honest students he is safe and that fellowship bears him safely through his course. But should he seek companions of the baser sort they are as easily found, and anxiety about the results may well be entertained. It is not the duty of the professors to step in at this point and act as guardian, detective and police in addition to their professional work, else "life would be

intolerable to them, and neither work would be well done." The *Nation* says further that "the failure of this system on the moral side is acknowledged on all hands," as illustrated in the "watching system," which exists to the fullest extent in France.

It would be well for parents to remember that "when a boy goes to college he starts in life just as when he goes into business," and if from his home training it is not considered safe for him to enter upon the latter, college is certainly the last place to which to send him for safety. It is certainly to be regretted that such is the case, but it is not wholly the fault of the college, the cause must be traced ultimately to the home, where the words of the wise man should be more strictly adhered to—"Train up a child in the way he should go; and when he is old he will not depart from it." But since such a demoralizing element does exist in the colleges, some steps ought to be taken to eradicate it. The *Nation* suggests that the college "close its doors to all boys who are not eager to learn, and who are not willing, while at college, to lead scholastic lives." W. H. Johnson corroborates the above with five points in his experience as teacher. He says that "the lack of preparation of such boys causes the teacher to consume valuable time in explanations needless to the remainder of the class." This, however, will not hold in the larger colleges, since the standard of admission is set so high that it is sure to be a screen against such poorly prepared students. Furthermore, the lecture system so largely in vogue in many of our universities, throws the student entirely upon his own resources to gain a grade that is set sufficiently high to insure a fair knowledge of the subjects before he can obtain his A. B. He says, in the next place, that "they deprive the class-room work of much of its value to real students by disorderly conduct." This, we say, depends almost wholly upon the professor in charge, and therefore will not hold. But his next point, that "they make uninterrupted

study impossible in the dormitories," is true to some extent, but we must do them justice by admitting that dormitory disturbances are rare, and that they are indulged in by many good students as well. His next two points, however, are sufficient to prove the rule—That "they demoralize their associates," and that "they do incalculable damage to the college by lowering the respect in which it is held by the community." This element is generally characterized the "fast set." As a rule, they are of generous birth and come to college more especially to have a "good time" than to study. They are the worst species of the genus known as "scientific loafer." They do little or no work during term time, but apparently go on the principle of storing up energy for a desperate effort during examinations. Their most popular retreats are the billiard-parlor and bar-room, where they waste not only their time and money, but drain their vitality—their very life—and unfit themselves for any life of usefulness. These not only injure themselves, but exert a destructive influence upon their better intentioned but weaker minded associates. This is the class also that brings the sorest discredit upon their college when they are away from its walls.

The sooner the college rids itself of this class the better, both for itself as a moral institution and as a safe retreat for students. Let not the fear of losing moneyed patrons keep the authorities from rooting out this evil, for surely no college would jeopardize its reputation and the well-being of its students for so mercenary an object. Let it be distinctly understood that this class will not be tolerated, and such will not be apt to seek admission; while the number of earnest students would be vastly increased, and a higher moral and intellectual plane would be reached.

PRINCETON IN THE CIVIL WAR.

IT IS not strange that a college, which in its youth was so intimately connected with the revolutionary war and the founding of the republic, and whose surroundings teem with patriotic traditions, sent forth men who took brave part in the civil war. We know that there were such men fighting on both sides, but we do not know who they were nor what they did.

When a Princeton man stands in Memorial Hall, at Harvard, and reads the inscriptions on the tablets placed there in honor of her soldier sons, he must wonder why Princeton has no record nor memorial of the alumni and undergraduates who took part in the war.

The writer found at the sale of an old library a copy of a pamphlet published in 1866 and now out of print, which contained a commemorative address by Dr. J. T. Duryea, and the Princeton roll of honor by Prof. Cameron. The address, which is a noble and fitting oration, is followed by a series of short accounts of those who died in the service. The roll of honor gives a nearly complete list of the Princeton men who served on the Federal side. Among these were four major-generals, one brigadier-general, three colonels, four lieutenant-colonels and officers of lower rank. Some of the incidents recorded may be of interest:

Lieutenant J. S. Studdiford, '58, who fell at South Mountain, is reported as saying to a friend when he enlisted: "Many families are giving their sons to the country. There are five of us brothers. We have no representative in the army. Two are in the ministry. One is a physician. The other is too young. *I can go—I ought to go.*" When he fell his colonel wrote: "I have lost my best officer."

Colonel Hugh H. Janeway did not graduate. Enlisting at the age of twenty as first lieutenant, he rose by acts of gallantry through the various grades to the colonelcy. In one engagement he received eight wounds, was captured

by the enemy, but was left to die. He rallied and crawled to his regiment. He received four more wounds at other times, and fell in a cavalry charge after the fall of Richmond, just at the end of the war.

Adjutant G. D. Hunt, Jr., ex-'63, led his regiment in the charge at the battle of Mission Ridge and was twenty yards in advance of everyone and within 150 yards of Bragg's headquarters, when he fell mortally wounded.

Among the living we find Major-General W. W. Belknap, '48, mentioned for coolness and courage, shown in his capture of Colonel Lampley of the Forty-fifth Alabama, whom he pulled over the works by his coat collar at the battle of Atlanta.

Captain Edward Moffat, '63, a signal officer, seemed to bear a charmed life. Once he unwittingly rode into a Confederate regiment, but preferring death to a rebel prison, turned, and in a shower of bullets made good his escape.

One might go on citing instance after instance of such acts of devotion. Of the Princeton men who fought on the other side there is no record. Is Princeton to erect no memorial of these brave sons of hers? Are the students of the coming years to learn of Princeton's part in the war of the revolution only, and not of her part in the war for the Union? Let some generous alumnus atone for our past neglect, or rather let some class hesitating as to its decennial gift decide upon a statue for the campus or a memorial window for the chapel.

A TENDENCY IN YOUTHFUL STYLE.

AS THE young writer stands on the threshold of literary activity, he instinctively feels the need of some strength foreign to his own. His ideas necessarily come

slowly, and then single and unadorned. He has had only a limited experience in the world's actions and consequently possesses but little knowledge of human nature. The flights of the poet's fancy are impassible unless he is a genius from birth. Philosophic disquisitions appear incongruous when associated with youth's productions. Before these closed doors he stands, waiting silently, rarely with patience, for the time when he himself may be initiated into their mysteries. Yet his is not a time of indolence. Youthful impulse often makes trial of things forbidden, and thereby works injury to the incipient author. Many a writer in after years has thanked a thousand times the propitious spirit that taught him to attempt nothing but what was fully within his power; and many another has regretfully viewed his early attempts, because they created in his expression a false tone and an unreal manner, so difficult to overcome in later days.

These deleterious effects readily suggest themselves; for example, a *heavy* style. The word may seem unpoetic and ill-applied when dealing with a literary subject. It expresses the meaning exactly. We remember a similar characteristic in the beginnings of English prose, which was predominant for an extended time until it reached its height of absurdity in the writings of Dr. Samuel Johnson. Of him it was said, "The tread of Johnson's style is heavy and sonorous, resembling that of an elephant or a mail-clad warrior. He is fond of leveling an obstacle with a pollysyllabic battering-ram." No person need want a mightier master of prose than Dr. Johnson for his model, and he must derive much benefit from a careful and judicious study of his works. But the young writer must beware of making his style in the least "Johnsonian." His expression becomes stilted, euphemistic, burdensome. He loses that keen relish for active exercise, that sharp appreciation of flashing wit. All his attention involuntarily centers on the production of a lengthy word of Latin or Greek origin, while the beautiful

pure Anglo-Saxon term is scornfully rejected. Our literature is too full now of these "consecutive combinations of ponderous polysyllables," whose meaning, if they have any, is unintelligible. Like the artist's "extra touches" in a scene of nature's own making, they may add a trifle to the strength, but mar beyond recognition the naturalness of expression.

And where is the necessity of employing such circumlocutory phrases? If there be no simple synonym, whose signification accurately defines our thought, we are at perfect liberty to use the more complex. But when the writer employs them from habit or for love of ostentatious display, he becomes pedantic and unreadable. With equal solicitude should the young author consider the feelings of his readers and not compel them to peruse his "weighty" productions on the false theory of doing a complimentary kindness.

For the proper cure of this evil habit among youthful aspirants, we would suggest these remedies. Fling aside the dictionary and lexicon, stop for a season hunting verbal niceties and extreme accuracies of meaning, and take the English in her purity and simplicity. And again, if you would cultivate a style of beauty and grace, read those authors who have so clearly manifested these qualities. Make Hawthorne a model—the slightest acquaintance with him cannot fail to produce a change for the better. Could we but receive some inspiration from that master of grace and simplicity, it would be worth a lifetime's study of rhetoric's principles and grammar's laws. Above all be natural. This is the secret of success. Yet it is one of the very hardest qualities to maintain, so intimate with our characters, yet eluding our grasp so effectually. We make our mistake right here, when we try to create what should come to us unconsciously, when we seek to obtain from outside influence that power which nature has wisely

planted within. Recognizing then the value of this wise provision, let us direct our effort and study towards the cultivation of that natural gift, discarding all affectations and artificialities as we aim at our ideal of simplicity and grace.

H.

EDITORIALS.

WE CAN now hail the day when the reforms in connection with the library which for years past have been clamorously called for by the students are rapidly being instituted. Whether the recent changes are in any way the results of influences set on foot by the just requests of the students of old, it would be idle to discuss. But of one thing we can be sure. The admission of the students behind the fence some months ago, and now the privilege of renewal, and above all, the establishment of a reading-room for the students, where not only they can be temporarily free from the disturbances incident to the distribution of books, but where, also, those books can be kept from day to day without being returned to the shelves, are but new marks of the liberal spirit which has pervaded the policy of the college since the beginning of the new administration. And with full confidence that all will be done for our satisfaction that is within the limits of possibility, we may hope to see, and that in a short time, the "brazen nuisance" altogether removed, giving free access to the books at all times, and in the more distant future the lighting of the library by electricity and in that stroke the acme of the library's possible usefulness.

LECTURE OUTLINES.

THE recent examinations have suggested a subject which is of vital interest to every earnest student. The subjects which are presented to the upper classes in the lecture courses are of such a character that without an understanding of their aim and outline a man is unable to obtain an intelligent knowledge of them. The consequence is that

men naturally wait until the end of the course, when they are enabled to see the subject in its entirety and get a comprehensive view. Then, of course, the old, objectionable necessity of cramming presents itself. In the department of Philosophy, for example, it is impossible to understand the meaning and importance of the subject, since it is necessarily given in sections. If we knew at the beginning that we were to discuss the philosophy under the heads of Pre-Socratic, Socratic and Post-Socratic, for instance, and also knew what characters were to be presented under each, we could study during the term with our eyes open and not lose our interest because we are groping in the dark wondering what we are "driving at."

In short, from an undergraduate standpoint, we feel like making a suggestion (subject to possible objections from the standpoint of the professor of which we are ignorant,) that outlines of the several lecture courses such as are placed in our hands at the end of the course, giving a full synopsis of the subject, be given to us at the very outset, that we may enter upon the subject with an understanding of what we are going to do. The Seniors in Ethics are favored thus, and though we do not beg a syllabus upon every subject nor in every department advocate the accompaniment of a syllabus, still we do ask that we may be given an outline. Then a man may prepare for a recitation during the term as he would prepare a portion of the amount assigned for examination, and, seeing it in the light of its outcome and all its connections, he would be more likely to have an intelligent idea of it and its bearing and in large measure obviate the excessive strain of preparing the whole at the end.

We make this as a simple suggestion and not at all in the spirit of advice; but we solicit its consideration by the professors of the several departments where it is applicable, and hope that if it meets with approval we may see it in operation by the beginning of next term.

"THE PRINCETON TIGER."

SINCE our last issue the subject of giving Princeton a representation among the other colleges in the sphere of an illustrated paper has received a wide and energetic discussion. Before anyone can feel that he has reached a satisfactory conclusion there are several questions which he ought naturally to consider. If, after all, the faculty refuse their permission, the paper, of course, could never be started. But that is not the end at which to begin. We ought first to settle whether it would be self-supporting, and whether the other papers would be so crippled as to prevent their continuance at their present standard of excellence; and if those are answered favorably, then it will be time enough to consider the consent of the faculty. A number of persons seem to fear that the paper would not be financially self-supporting; but a little estimate, with a wide margin at every point, will help to form a better idea. There would be, at most, twenty issues. Suppose, like similar papers, it would contain sixteen pages, six of which are devoted to advertisements. The printing of the pages of advertisements and of the cuts would lower the average price per page to a considerable extent. But suppose the average cost for printing a page were \$0.75, the printing for one issue would cost \$12. Let the cuts average eight, four inches by four inches, with one double-page cut. Each small cut would be sixteen inches square, which, at \$0.15 per square inch (the regular charge of the Photo. Engraving Co.), would cost \$2.40. The eight would cost \$19.20; say \$20. The double-page cut, varying in size, would average \$15, making the engraving bill amount to \$35. The total cost of one issue would then be \$47; and for twenty issues the cost of the paper would be \$940, say \$1,000. The incidental expenses would be more than counterbalanced by the reduction from the regular engraving rates, so that the maximum expenses of the paper could not exceed \$1,000. Now, where

could the money be obtained? Six pages of advertisements, yielding not less than \$100 per page, would raise \$600 of it, leaving \$400 for subscriptions. At \$2 per copy, two hundred men would clear the paper's expenses. And Princeton is a rare exception if she does not have two hundred men who would take it, not to mention the alumni, who, for several reasons, would eagerly desire it.

But that is easy enough. How will it affect the other papers? We cannot see that the effect would be so damaging as to prevent the *LIT.* from continuing in just as healthy a condition, and the effect on the *Princetonian* would be still less. The number of men who would have to drop one to take "The Tiger," though not to be overlooked, would be comparatively few and would be made up by the increase in students, which the prosperity of our college gives reason to expect. Besides, both papers have seen days when their subscription list was smaller than at present and when they were at nearly as great an expense. The closer scrutiny we give it the more we feel that the influence would by no means cripple either paper, but that the increased college spirit which the addition of "The Tiger" would bring would help increase the subscription list of both.

The question which throws the deepest shadow is whether the faculty would stand in the way. The closeness of the vote several years ago fills us with hope that the changes since may have brought more friends to a cause so beneficial to the college. Properly approached, we feel that the faculty would be less hostile than current imagination seems to make them. A little personal work by a committee could probably win over the doubtful, while their straightforward, earnest conduct would be a criterion of the manly spirit which would characterize the modern management of such a paper.

"THE EXCEPTION PROVES THE RULE."

HAVE you ever noticed how, when your attention has for the first time been called to a certain fact, and your mind has dwelt upon it, at frequent intervals it will keep turning up till you are surprised that you never observed it before? How, when you have met a new word in reading, and you have learned its meaning, it will seem to stand out on every page until finding that so many people use it, you think it must be one of the most common words of the language? Well, it was somewhat like that the other day, we happened to note the frequency of the error in the old adage, "The Exception Proves the Rule." It is astonishing to find what a host of people there are who habitually resort to that makeshift, and who think and maintain that they have in it a logical warrant for dismissing and contradiction to their dogmatic statements. With unconscious egotism they seem to presume that whatever opinion they hold is intuitively true, and as soon as a fact is advanced in opposition to their assertion, they rush forward at once this Philistine giant, and unless the disputant has the courage of his opinion he beats a hasty retreat, lest unfortunately he should be found doubting a time-honored truism. But it needs only a moment's consideration of the meaning of the phrase to realize the error which it commonly contains. There is a sense in which the exception does prove the rule, but it is a rank instance of begging the question. If it is meant that the case in hand is an exceptional case, it implies directly that there is a general rule, and the expression amounts to nothing more than saying that the rule proves the rule. But when a fact is urged in direct antagonism to a statement, the saying argues nothing whatever in refutation of the objector's position; for though it is an exception to the assertion, it is not admitted to be an exceptional case, and the expression at such a time becomes but an inapplicable and meaningless phrase. If by taking ex-

ception to a statement we prove the statement—if by doubting a fact we prove the fact, demonstration would, indeed, be an easy thing. But unfortunately it is not so.

PRINCETON'S GROWTH.

IT ALWAYS gives us pleasure to rehearse Princeton's growth, and the issue of the new catalogue shows some very encouraging facts. One of the signs of advancement is the increased number of students over last year. This bespeaks a marked improvement in our curriculum, the value of which men are noting and the appreciation of which they are showing by coming to our doors. There can be no better advertisement for a college than to let it be known as possessing peculiar advantages for a liberal as well as a special education. This includes, of course, a large and varied curriculum, departments well equipped, and instructors of eminent capabilities. We can see improvement in all these lines. The third professorship in Latin strengthens that department, as do the three new professors, those of French, Physics and Biology, respectively. It always speaks well for a college and materially adds to its growth when men after graduation mention their professors as being especially competent in their several chairs. Thoughtful men who are not inclined toward a particular college, will send their sons to that institution when they learn of its excellent equipment and capable corps of instructors, while it will only serve to increase the preference of those who are already prejudiced in its favor. Thoughtful men who contemplate post-graduate courses are apt to go where they can be benefited the most, and the increased number of men who have entered Princeton for that purpose, as well as those who come to finish their

course by entering the Junior and Senior classes, shows how Princeton is improving and her good reputation spreading.

The spreading of Princeton's reputation is due in large measure to the efforts of the alumni, who have, all over the country, taken a new interest in Princeton's welfare, and feel proud to be known as working in its behalf. The Princeton club of New York initiated this movement, and the spirit has been like an epidemic. The Philadelphia Club has suddenly come to the front as a result, we are glad to say, of an undergraduate movement, and by its prompt and judicious action bids fair to eclipse all others. It is like the tingling of the life blood to catch the spirit of these new movements, and we are impatient to see the representatives of other sections of the country both imitate and improve upon these efforts and methods.

The more the alumni and undergraduates work shoulder to shoulder the more rapidly will Princeton grow.

Princeton may congratulate itself upon the continued vigor of its able ex-President. It is highly fortunate in the prospect of the University Lectures. Lectures by one who has had long experience in philosophic thought.

The new Electrical Engineering Course is also a marked advance for Princeton, and will become, if it is not already, one of its most attractive features.

The new buildings on the campus are tangible evidences to growth. The Dormitory shows the growth in undergraduates. The Art School, that Princeton will become a repository of valuable works of art, which in time will be visited by many who are pursuing studies directly in this line or bearing upon it. The new halls show the increasing popularity of the literary societies. These have always played an important part in the life and education of Princeton, and no department deserves better facilities and accommodations so much as does this. The new buildings will not only meet the demands of the societies and grace

the campus, but be attractive to new men, causing a desire for membership in the college as well as in the halls.

The number of endowments and gifts is also on the increase. Our wealth has mounted up so that a short time ago the authorities were obliged to renew the college charter, as they had reached the limits under which they could hold property.

It is easy to recount what Princeton still needs, but the contemplation of the material growth which it has acquired in the last few years is like listening to its heart-beats, and we become more conscious of its strong, pulsing *life*. The effect upon us should be that of an inspiration, and our resolution should be that, as far as lies in our power, we will further the interests of Princeton. But as we read this we are not to turn away, thinking it is to devolve upon someone else and that we have no opportunities. Every college man sooner or later will have abundant occasion to make his plea for his *alma mater*, and if each man does no more than to influence another man to enter he is accomplishing much.

Princeton is always an inspiring theme to a Princeton man, and nothing pleases him more than to see just such improvement as it has lately been making. As Princeton men we may well be in an amiable and happy frame of mind, and our heart's desire is that the period of our college growth may be of long duration.

LITERARY GOSSIP.

Then the whining school-boy, with his satchel,
And shining morning face, creeping like snail
Unwillingly to school

—*As You Like It.*

The bookful blockhead, ignorantly read
With loads of learned lumber in his head.

—*Pope.*

Night after night
He sat, and bleared his eyes with books.

—*Longfellow.*

The scholar who cherishes the love of comfort is not fit to be deemed a scholar.

—*Confucius.*

There are more men ennobled by study than by nature.

—*Cicero.*

If you devote your time to study you will avoid all the irksomeness of life; nor will you long for the approach of night, being tired of the day; nor will you be a burden to yourself, nor your society unsupportable to others.—*Seneca.*

"IN THE midst of Exams!" What varied experiences those words call up! Some perhaps think of long faces. Others are more jolly than usual at that season. And some seem to make an effort to be filled with laughter as though they knew there was a skeleton in the closet and that before it claim them they would fill up to the brim their cup of joy, eat, drink and be merry, for to-morrow—examinations! Others again, with their wry faces, are shocked as they would be to see one laugh in the face of a death's head.

Examinations are somewhat of a skeleton to all, and no one yet has admitted that he has not been glad to have it dead and buried. But then it stalks forth again to confront us by its unpleasant visage and make us fearful by the clanking of its bones!

This aspect of examinations, however, should never be dwelt upon long by us, and we should rather consider them as the person of a wise master who has our best interests at heart and knows the value of a discipline.

There is nothing like an examination to train a man's mind up to the point when he can look at a subject in a comprehensive manner; and the logical methods necessary are conducive to logical trains of thought. Besides, it gives men experience in tight places and under severe strain, the value of which is sure to be seen in after life, for a man who accomplishes anything in this life will meet many a crucial test before which examinations will pale.

Men should not underestimate examinations, but be careful to consider them as much an education as the recitation or the lecture. Indeed, it is often the case that in the matter of thought training they surpass the lecture.

There is no doubt that examinations are a great strain on a man, and that he loses sleep, but because they require work is no argument for their abolishment.

Here I am couched down behind this small type defending this old-time custom with an imaginary adversary. But there are some who do range themselves on the side of objectors, and if chance were offered I should be as willing to defend my cause in long primer.

The immediate resumption of college after examination is rather distasteful, but this is a trial year and the future may offer brighter prospects. The weather has not been as invigorating as we could have wished for winter. The storm king was seized with the prevailing epidemic and was unable to do his duty. Still, it has favored Princeton in that the base-ball team has been able to do considerable out-door practice. It is always pleasant to see the men out and the long row of appreciative onlookers. It gives one a taste of "third term" (now technically a thing of the past), which always is a refresh to a college man's palate.

We were glad to have Princeton so well brought to the front by the Alumni dinner in New York. And to have the efforts of our victorious foot-ball men recognized so publicly.

Chauncey Depew, since he could not lay the victory on Berkley Oval to "Yale grit," fell back upon his other standby, the Dutch, and attributed the success to Dutch pluck. We would rather say it was Princeton pluck.

The improvements in the library—the greater freedom allowed and the better accommodations—are appreciated by none more than the Gossip, whose great pleasure it is to roam among the alcoves and become better acquainted with the records of the past and the children of the brain. The Gossip ran across the Potiphar Papers, by Geo. Wm. Curtis. Their wit and humor can still be appreciated, though they were written for and describe a society of some years back. They are not so far from describing the society of to-day, for men and women do not change, and the same eccentricities and follies are apparent to-day as a few years ago. The Potiphar Papers are well worthy a perusal, and will reward any reader by its sly smiles and interesting pictures of character. There is many a bit of wisdom also in its pages. The opening chapter is an essay on society: "If gilt were only gold and sugar-candy common sense, what a fine thing our society would be! If to lavish money upon *objects de vertu*, to wear the most costly dresses, and always to have them cut in the height of fashion; to build houses thirty feet broad, as if they were palaces; to furnish them with all the luxurious devices of a Parisian

genius; to give superb banquets, at which your guests laugh, and which make you miserable; to desire a fine carriage and ape European liveries, and crests, and coats-of-arms; to resent the friendly advances of your baker's wife, and the lady of your butcher (you being yourself a cobbler's daughter); to talk much of the 'old families' and of your aristocratic foreign friends; to despise labor; to prate of 'good society;' to travesty and parody, in every conceivable way, a society which we know only in books and by the superficial observation of foreign travel, which arises out of a social organization entirely unknown to us, and which is opposed to our fundamental and essential principle—if all this were fine, what a prodigious fine society would ours be!" After this description of society he begins with his story, which is of a society answering to just the description above. The first part is in the form of a letter from Mrs. Potiphar to Caroline, a friend. She opens her heart to her confidant. At church, Mrs. P. notes all the apparel of her neighbors, and is much grieved that she was obliged to lose the service because it took her the whole time to make out what kind of a bonnet Mrs. Blank wore. Mrs. P. failed to take her lorgnettes. She said if she had taken them she could have seen at once what the bonnet was and not have been obliged to lose the service. She is much perplexed in making a choice of binding for her prayer-book. Rev. Cream Cheese, her spiritual adviser, advised pale blue, in which the book was therefore bound. Mr. P. objected to Rev. Cream Cheese as an assistant to the Doctor, for he said he was too much addicted to candlesticks. "I suppose that's something awful," said Mrs. P.

The same day when this remark was made "Mr. C. happened in about lunch time, and I asked him if his eyes were really weak. 'Not at all; why do you ask?' Then I told him that I had heard he was so fond of candlesticks. Ah! Caroline, you should have seen him then. He stopped in the midst of pouring out a glass of Mr. P's. best old port, and holding the decanter in one hand, and the glass in the other, he looked so beautifully sad, and said in that sweet low voice: 'Dear Mrs. P., the blood of the martyrs is the seed of the church.' Then he filled up his glass and drank the wine off with such a mournful, resigned air, and wiped his lips so gently with his cambric handkerchief (I saw that it was a hemstitch), that I had no voice to ask him to take a bit of the cold chicken, which he did, however, without asking him. But when he said in the same low voice, 'a little more breast, dear Mrs. P.,' I was obliged to run into the drawing room for a moment to recover myself."

Then Mrs. P. broaches the subject of the prayer book and solicits Rev. Cheese's advice. After some little conversation and discussion he concludes: "Therefore, dear Mrs. P., as your faith is so pure and child-like, and as I observe that the light from the yellow panes usually falls across your pew, I would advise that you cymbalize your faith (wouldn't that be noisy in church) by binding your prayer book in pale blue, the

color of skim milk, dear Mrs. P., which is so full of pastoral associations."

"Do you wonder I like Cream Cheese, dear Caroline," Mrs. Potiphar wrote, "when he is so gentle and religious—and such a pretty religion too!"

Mr. Potiphar has labored hard during his life and accumulated quite a comfortable living, which Mrs. P. is very energetic in spending. Mr. Potiphar has his own views on various subjects, though they do not always accord with the strict formulas of society. He preferred the Doctor, as he could "go quietly to sleep confident that he will say nothing that might not be preached from every well-regulated pulpit." He would be obliged to watch for "new fangled idolitries" if Cream Cheese was in the pulpit. But Mrs. P. is quite partial to the young clergyman and remarked, "it is so appropriate to Lent to be intimate with a minister." And since Lent is introduced she recalls a sermon upon the sinners of Nineveh and her heart goes out in sympathy to them. "Those poor old people in Babylon and Nineveh! Only think, if they had the privilege of prayers for six or seven weeks in Lent, and regular preaching the rest of the year, except, of course, in summer—(by-the-by, I wonder if they all had some kind of Saratoga or Newport to go to? I mean to ask Mr. Cheese)—they might have been good and all have been happy."

Then the letter continues on all these different subjects, leaving Mr. Cheese with the approval of his remark that he could never marry an heiress, unless he clearly saw it to be his duty, ("Isn't it a beautiful resignation?") and introducing us to an account of the party at her house, when "Young Boosey" spilled the lemon punch and said by way of apology, "I feel so very lemoncholy for what I have done," at which, of course, everybody laughed. The ways of society are not congenial to Mr. Potiphar and he has quite a curtailed lecture for his wife, and after speaking of his "spoiled carpets" and "foolish expense" and "Old Potiphar," ends by saying, "I am simply resolved to have no more tomfoolery in my house."

Then a chapter is devoted to a soliloquy by Mr. Potiphar, who sums up all the advantages accruing to him from his manner of living and places them in contrast to the long list of ills. Kurz Pacha, a "minister from Senaar," but really an American in disguise, is introduced with his wise remarks upon all topics, but with always a wink in his eye for the reader. He joins in all the society and is a favorite with all. Full of dry humor. At a banquet where one of the ladies, Mrs. Gnu, had been presented with a beautiful bouquet which everyone had admired, the Pacha quite got himself into trouble; but the reader understands his disguise and can enjoy his slyness accordingly.

It seems a boy brought another bouquet during the dinner, which he gave to the Pacha. Whereupon, with great gallantry, Kurz Pacha pre-

sented the flowers to Mrs. Potiphar, looking the while at the possessor of the other bunch and remarking for a compliment, "To offer you a bouquet, madam, would be to throw pearls before swine."

"Good heavens! Kurz Pacha, what do you mean?" cried Mrs. Potiphar. "Mean?" answered he, evidently confused and blushing, "Why, I'm afraid I have made some mistake. I meant to say something very polite, but my English sometimes gives way." "Your impudence never does," muttered Mrs. Gnu, who was unbecomingly red in the face. "My dear madam," said the minister, "I assure you I meant only to use a proverb in a complimentary way; but somehow I have got the wrong pig by the ear."

The author of these interesting papers has written many other stories and books. *My Chateaux* is quite entertaining. We hope he has not laid down his pen altogether.

The question of the *Tiger* seems to be occupying many minds at present. The Gossip hopes that the time is ripe for him to issue from his jungle and once more and in open daylight take his place upon Old Nassau. Let there be considerable coaxing, but let care be taken that he do not grow so ferocious as at his former appearance.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

HOW inspiring still is the somewhat trite idea that the English language is destined to be, in the coming centuries, the predominant means of man's expressing himself in articulate speech. The indomitable courage and never-failing though slow-going zeal of our English cousins, and the nervous push of our own compatriots, have carried the beloved language which we first learned to lisp to the uttermost ends of the earth. Our noble language floats upon the wings of her ever-per-vading literature, and thus follows up in a more ethereal way the conquests and accretions of English-speaking muscle. It thus behooves us to look to our literature, and our cheeks must burn with shame when we recognize the miserable mixtures of slang and provincialisms which we are bequeathing to after-generations in the novels and most of the current literature of the day. Then, too, the prevalent use of foreign words and phrases materially weakens the language. It derives its strength not from the French, Greek and Latin additions, but from the good old Teutonic stock from which it grew. The true poets and historians recognize the truth of this, and none more than William Shakespeare, who, in his use of pure English words, has done more and will do more to perpetuate the essence of the present English tongue to the future centuries than any English writer, except perhaps the translators of the King James version of the Bible. But even with this aid, the English of five centuries hence would be as unintelligible to us as is that of Beowulf.

There is nothing which will better prolong the true English tongue as the language of the people than the teaching to the young of English standards, such as are found in the poets and dramatists of the seventeenth, eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. *Apropos* of this idea, we notice in the January number of *Modern Language Notes*, an exceedingly literary and appreciative review of Prof. Corson's "Introduction to Shakespeare" by Prof. T. W. Hunt. It always gives us pleasure to see Princeton represented in the columns of the higher periodical literature, and nothing does her more good as an Institution than these evidences of our Professors' worth outside of the lecture or recitation room. It is written in his usual forceful and clear style, as the following quotation will make evident: "Professor Corson deals with Shakespeare as a student should deal with genius. The method is catholic, sympathetic and psychologic, rather than verbal and microscopic. In examining Shakespeare, we certainly do not enter a dissecting-room to 'anatomize' a subject through the agency of a 'diseased analytic consciousness;' but we

do enter a sanctum dedicated to genius, where we are to sit with bowed heads and indulge in that 'high thinking' germane to the place and the imposing personality that pervades it. * * * There is such a thing as literature in Higher Criticism."

MAGAZINES.

The *piece de resistance* of the February number of the *Magazine of Art*, from a literary standpoint, is Mr. Swinburne's poem, "Loch Torridon," which, with its illustrations, covers four pages of the magazine. Mr. Swinburne's admirers will find in this poem all the virility, all the picturesqueness, and all the alliteration of which he and they are so fond. Following the poem is a paper on "The Art of Dry Point," by Mortimer Menpes, illustrated by the author. All readers of the "Journal of Marie Bashkirtseff" will be interested in the paper of "Personal Reminiscences of Jules Bastien-Lepage," by the Prince Bojidar Karageorgevitch; first, because Bastien-Lepage is so intimately associated with the last days of the young artist, and second, because Prince Bojidar figures so frequently in the pages of her journal. There are two portraits of Bastien-Lepage by himself, and one from Rodin's statue accompanying this very interesting article. There is a full-page reproduction of Sir Thomas Lawrence's picture of the Countess Gower and her daughter, the Lady Elizabeth Leveson-Gower, an illustrated paper on the Corporation Gallery of Glasgow, an article on Artists in the New National Portrait Gallery, a paper on "Old Blue and White Nankeen China," with illustrations printed in blue ink, and an unusually full batch of foreign and American notes, giving the reader an admirable idea of what is going on in the world of art.

We quote from Gen. Francis Walker's criticism of Mr. Bellamy's famous book in the *Atlantic Monthly* for February:

"Nor, while dismissing thus Mr. Bellamy's scheme, can the social philosopher even admit that the object which that scheme proposes is itself desirable. Were the fantasy of a state in which every one should have enough and to spare, in which the conditions of life should cease to be arduous and stern, from which care and solicitude for the future should be banished, and the necessities, comforts, and wholesome luxuries of life should come easily to all,—were this wild, weak dream shown to be capable of realization, well might the philanthropist exclaim, Alas for mankind! There have been races that have lived without care, without struggle, without pains; but these have never become noble races. Except for care and struggle and pains, men would never have risen above the intellectual and physical stature of Polynesian savages. There are cares that cark and cares that kill; there are struggles that are unavailing; there are pains that depress, and blight, and dwarf. Well may we look forward to a better state, in which much of the harshness

of the human condition shall, by man's own efforts, have been removed. But it was no Bellamy who said that in the sweat of their brows should men eat bread; that with agony should they be born into the world; and that in labor always, in disappointment and defeat often, with anxious thought, and with foreboding that ceases only at the grave, should they live their lives through, dying weary of the struggle, yet rejoicing in the hope of a better fortune and more generous terms for those who are to come after. Quite as little can we approve of the fundamental law of Mr. Bellamy's military republic, that there should be no distinction of material condition among its members. Mr. Bellamy tries to place this prescription on high ethical grounds; but all his fine phrases do not disguise the fact that the proposed distribution involves the grossest violation of common honesty, as every plain man understands it. To say that one who produces twice as much as another shall yet have no more is palpable robbery. It is to make that man for half his time a slave, working for others without reward. It is one of the dangers of transcendental reasoning about rights and morals that the finest of sentiments are often found in close proximity to the baldest of rascality."

Lippincott's Magazine has introduced an agreeable diversity in its department of fiction by engaging some stories from popular English novelists, who are also widely known upon this side of the Atlantic. The February number contains a complete novel, "The Sign of the Four; or, the Problem of the Sholtos," by A. Conan Doyle. The author of that remarkable novel, "Micah Clarke: His Statement," which has created such a sensation both in England and here, needs no introduction to American readers. Mr. Doyle's last story is even more powerful and brilliant than "Micah Clarke." The scene is laid in London, and the hero is a detective, whose marvellous ingenuity in solving a seemingly insoluble mystery is portrayed with so graphic a pen that Conan Doyle must take rank as a leader in the line of such writers as Poe, or Gaboriau, or Anna Katharine Green. Among detective stories "The Sign of the Four" is bound to become a classic. Francis Galton, F.R.S., the celebrated English scientist and author, contributes a timely and interesting article entitled, "Why do we measure Mankind?" Mr. Galton shows the importance of being measured, weighed, and otherwise tested, according to the modern method, by a competent examiner, and especially the importance of applying this system of measurements to young people, in order to determine their capacity and fitness for special pursuits. Another timely article, "The Salon Idea in New York," is contributed by C. H. Crandall. The author thoroughly believes in the *salon* idea, and holds that the *salon* ought to, and perhaps will, become a great power in our social and political life. The former power and influence of the French *salons* are touched upon, and pictures are given of many charming literary drawing-rooms in New York city.

The contents of the *Forum* this month are especially worthy the attention of live, wideawake people. In it we find able discussions, as follows: *The Ethics of Property*, by W. S. Lilly, the eminent English essayist, who explains in what the ownership of property consists, and the necessary moral obligations that it carries with it. He condemns the law of merciless competition as inhuman, because it leaves out personality and is essentially unjust; and he argues that morality in business affairs requires some system of coöperation in place of the present competition. *America's Fourth Centenary*, by Gen. Francis A. Walker, who was Chief of the Bureau of Awards at the Philadelphia Exposition, in 1876. General Walker points out what a great World's Fair should be, and how the opportunity to make one in 1892 is greater than any preceding opportunity enjoyed by any people, and its possible effects, not only on the trade, but on the politics and social institutions of the world. *Key Notes from Rome*, by Henry Charles Lea, who writes an argument to show the fallacy of the declarations made at the recent Catholic Congress in Baltimore. Mr. Lea maintains that situations may easily arise where a Catholic's obligations to his Church may conflict seriously with his obligations as a citizen of the United States. *The Power of the Supreme Court*, by Eaton S. Drone, who, apropos of the centenary of the Supreme Court, writes an explanation of its powers and of its relations to the other branches of the government; why it is the most powerful tribunal in the world. *Moral Aspects of College Life*, by President C. K. Adams, of Cornell University, who explains the moral surroundings of college life, and compares the forces that make for good morals at institutions of learning and in the community at large; a good word for the moral effect of athletic sports. *A Political Paradox*, by Leonard W. Bacon, who, from the point of view of a traditional Republican, presents this paradox: That most of the men of moral force, in the Northern States at least, are Republicans, but that the Democratic party is more in earnest than the opposing party in furthering moral reform in politics. *The Immigrant's Answer*, by Judge John P. Altgeld, himself an immigrant, who recalls in detail the services that immigrants have rendered to the United States in politics, in war, and in industry, and constructs an argument to show that the Nation would become very different from what it now is, and would become worse, if immigration were discouraged.

EXCHANGES.

Thy eyes are mirrors of strange things
That thou can'st never understand—
The secret and the hidden springs
Of spirit land.

Thy heart is brighter than the breast
Of dawn's glad bird that cleaves the skies

To sunlight, but the world's unrest
Is in thine eyes.

The yearning of the years that weep
For all the bliss that shall not be
Dwells in them,—thoughts too strangely deep
To dwell with thee.

* * * * *
Thy eyes are mirrors of strange things
That thou mayst never understand—
The secret ways, the hidden springs
Of spirit land.

—*Harvard Monthly.*

Day is dying—from the village
Comes the dim, uncertain sound
Of the labor god's last breathing,
While the mourners gather round—
Dark-robed shadows from the hill-tops
To the valley pouring down.

Day is dead—anon the mountains
Don the sombre garb of woe,
While in heaven, set by angels,
Myriad tapers dimly glow.
And the brook a requiem chanting
Sighs the wind an ave low.

—*Williams Lit.*

BOOK REVIEWS.

ASOLANDO. FANCIES AND FACTS. BY ROBERT BROWNING. (BOSTON AND NEW YORK: HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & Co.)

A peculiar interest attaches itself to this volume as being the last few notes in the life of song by a bard so lately laid to rest in Westminster Abbey.

Admired by all and loved by many, Mr. Browning does not disappoint his friends in the present collection of verse. The *Facts and Fancies* abound in life, and but few of them are marred with that excessive obscurity with which the poet has been so often charged. Beauty of sentiment and versification, originality and variety are abundant, and some of the poems are, in our judgment, as faultless as any that have come to us from Mr. Browning's pen. Among the best are *Dubiety*; *Ponte Dell' Angelo, Venice*, and "*Imperate Augusto natus est.*" There is a swing and a ring and a rhythm truly musical to the *Flute Music*, which contains beside many bright touches of poetic fancy.

The binding is attractive and the frontispiece is an excellent engraving of the late author. We quote a single poem:

"A PEARL A GIRL.

"A simple ring with a single stone
To the vulgar eye no stone of price:
Whisper the right word, that alone—
Forth starts a sprite, like fire from ice,
And lo, you are lord (says an Eastern scroll)
Of heaven and earth, lord whole and sole
Through the power in a pearl.

"A woman ('tis I this time that say)
With little the world counts worthy praise:
Utter the true word—out and away
Escapes her soul: I am wrapt in blaze,
Creation's lord, of heaven and earth
Lord whole and sole—by a minute's birth—
Through the love of a girl!"

MODERN SCIENCE ESSAYIST. (BOSTON: JAMES H. WEST. PUBLISHED PERIODICALLY. 10C. PER NUMBER.)

As the theory of evolution receives closer examination as it grows older, it gains supporters on every hand. It seems to have become the main-spring in modern science, and every subject is being re-investigated in the light of its influence. One of the most handy series of pamphlets treating of the various phases of this principle is that entitled

"The Modern Essayist." It contains the essays read before the Brooklyn Ethical Association. Each pamphlet has a lecture by some representative thinker, together with an abstract of the after discussion by the members of the Society. The papers are always upon one of the most advanced phases of modern thought. They are almost always thorough; they never fail to be instructive, and, being neither so long as to become tedious nor so technical as to be uninteresting, they are clear, terse and comprehensive. Of those which we have received probably the one on "The Scope and Principles of the Evolution Philosophy" is most valuable. The one on "Evolution as related to Religious Thought" ably presents that almost trite question. While that which shows its effect on civilization contains a most thoughtful review and criticism of the different theories of the State, and pointing out the line along which mankind should endeavor to apply the influences of evolution to society. There is little that cannot be said for this series.

A RAMBLER'S LEASE. BY BRADFORD TORREY. (BOSTON AND NEW YORK: HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & Co. \$1.25.)

Pen pictures, executed in quaint, homelike language, of New England country scenes, through which the writer used to ramble when a boy, and the love for which is still strong within his breast. To the rightly constituted there is nothing which is more educating and more fitted to draw one out of one's self and develop one's power of analysis and keen perception than wandering through forest and over hills, by streams and through valleys alone with nature. The hidden nest, the sudden whistle and chirp, the scurry of rabbit or squirrel, all combine in bringing about the above results in one's character. As one reads this book it almost transports him to the scenes it describes, and when once you have opened it you will not close it till you have reached the last page. The tone is fresh and smacks of pure country life and enjoyment.

A SUMMER IN A CAÑON. BY MRS. KATE DOUGLAS WIGGIN. (BOSTON AND NEW YORK: HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & Co. \$1.50.)

For a pure, healthy and charming story for young folks, this story of camp life in California cannot be excelled. The fresh, vigorous life, untouched by the ever-present love element, and the pleasant Californian climate, give a tone to this work which serves to distinguish it from the usual type. Here we find the genial middle-aged couple, the pretty though saucy young girl, the mischievous boy, the favorite young collegian, and finally the youngster with his pet goat and horned toads, all eminently true to life. The amiable relation of the young people and the timely supervision of "Aunt Truth," are features which attract especial attention, and the story is not wanting in incidents to help enliven the common experiences of young people in camp.

AN EXPERIMENT IN MARRIAGE. BY CHARLES J. BELLAMY. (ALBANY, N. Y.: THE ALBANY BOOK CO. \$1.)

The attempts to solve the marriage problem have been many and various. The latest we have seen is this in the form of a romance. The experiment is tried in a secluded valley, where the State owns the property and affairs are carried on according to the socialistic principles, both men and women working but four hours a day. Houses are furnished to married women, the rest of the population living in so-called "philansteries." The author claims that the reason marriage is so often a failure is because the parties do not truly love each other, and that the remedy is to make divorce so easy that loss of love may secure it, and the parties may be free to seek the right one. Children are taken care of by the State. The objections to this plan are too obvious to need statement. It will be seen that this, in destroying the family destroys modern civilization—but then Socialism is the idol of the work.

THE HERMITAGE AND LATER POEMS. BY EDWARD ROWLAND SILL. (BOSTON AND NEW YORK: HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & COMPANY.)

Mr. T. B. Aldrich prefaces this lately collected series of poems with some exceedingly apt verses on the author, by whose death America loses a poet of rare promise. Mr. Sill's poems are not the productions of a bungler in the poetic art; they possess the clear and ringing tone of a musical ear together with a beauty and purity of touch which cast a charm over the whole. There is manifest a rare quality of poetical expression, and the descriptive power is especially marked. The title-poem reveals a richness of imagination and an unusual felicity of poetic diction. Of the other poems, "The Future," "The Polar Sea," and "Evening," from which we quote the first stanza, are among the best:

"EVENING.

The sun is gone: those glorious chariot wheels
Have sunk their broadening spokes of flame, and left
Thin rosy films whimpled across the West,
Whose last faint tints melt slowly on the blue,
As the last trembling cadence of a song
Fades into silence sweeter than all sound."

INTO MOROCCO. FROM THE FRENCH OF PIERRE LOTI. (NEW YORK: WELCH, FRACKER & Co.)

This series of pictures does not touch upon the political condition of Morocco, but simply gives us the impressions of one who feels himself already half Arab, who is entirely in sympathy with the customs and genius of Arab life. It thus gives us almost the very thoughts and feelings of the nomadic natives themselves, and is doubly interesting to one not endowed with the modern scientific spirit. The author says, let such "mount with me my broad-chested brown horse with flying mane and

tail, and I will be their guide over plains carpeted with flowers, across solitary deserts of iris and daffodils; I will conduct them under the fierce sun to the very depths of this immemorial country, and will show them the dead cities there, whose requiem is the murmur of unceasing prayers."

HEADS AND FACES, AND HOW TO STUDY THEM. BY NELSON SEZER AND H. S. DRAYTON, M.D. (NEW YORK: FOWLER AND WELLS COMPANY.)

In an age when Cheirosophy, Chirography, Phrenology and Physiognomy are studied as diversions, and not so much as matters of sense as of sentiment, every new contribution to the long list of treatises which deals with the subject practically is welcomed. The work before us presents both the theoretical and practical side of the subject, and abundantly illustrates by examples from the literary, artistic and mechanical geniuses of the world's history. The method of study seems to be to learn the points of a man's character and then to affirm that his face displays those characteristics. Character study must be perfected by practice. It is, undoubtedly, a most useful faculty in all walks of life, and those who do not possess it naturally would find the instruction given by the President of the Institute of Phrenology and his co-editor valuable in the study of this science.

BENEATH TWO FLAGS. BY MAUD B. BOOTH. (NEW YORK: FUNK & WAGNALLS. \$1.)

This is partly an explanation and partly a vindication of the "Salvation Army." It is true that this organization, as the author claims, has been much misrepresented and maligned, and it is also true that it has reached many whom the churches cannot. The author seems to have a higher education than is usually imputed to the members of the army, and being the wife of the man who has the chief direction of its movements in America, she is in a position to write authoritatively upon the subject. The book is well written and gives an insight into the aims and work of this "Army," which ought to remove much of the reproach and contempt felt for it by people in the more favored walks of life.

HARVARD STUDIES IN CLASSICAL PHILOLOGY, VOL. I. (BOSTON AND NEW YORK: GINN & Co. \$1.00.)

It is expected that one volume will be issued each year. The papers are particularly interesting and of use to classical students, especially as coming from such high authorities. It is difficult to pick out any one or two papers in this volume which merit any especial remarks by the reviewer. Perhaps those of most worth to the student are those on "The Origin of *οὐ μὲν* with the Subjunctive and the Future Indicative," and "Some Disputed Points in the Construction of *ἐδέει*, *χρῆν* etc., with

the Infinitive." "The Fauces of the Roman House," and "The Social and Domestic Position of Women in Aristophanes," have merit of another kind but certainly as great.

THE STORY OF AN OLD FARM, OR LIFE IN NEW JERSEY IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY. BY ANDREW F. MELLICK, JR.: (PLAINFIELD, NEW JERSEY. \$5.00.)

This is a semi-social, semi-historical work, with a genealogical appendix, which traces the lineage of several old Dutch families of New Jersey and Pennsylvania. It is thus mainly interesting to citizens of these States, but also gives much information about the revolutionary days, the condition of Germany in the last and previous century, the causes of so many Germans turning their backs on fatherland, and the foundation of the Lutheran Church in America. This makes it of interest also to all students of history. The style is not heavy nor is it too sparkling and effervescent for a historical tale of this kind, but the author is master of a vein of an appreciative humor.

ARCTIC ALASKA AND SIBERIA. BY HERBERT L. ALDRICH. (CHICAGO: RAND, McNALLY & Co.)

Comparatively little has been written of Arctic whaling, so that this story of Eight Months with the Arctic Whalers has a clear field before it. Much that is worth knowing concerning the voyage and the doings on board a whaler has here been put into very readable English, as well as many character sketches of the crew and the natives of Arctic Alaska and Siberia. Much information relative to the customs and industries of these people, which would be observed to the greatest advantage by whalers, are given. We are also entertained with a fine description of the capture of a whale, and the homeward voyage is full of "typical experiences," which give spice to the story. The volume is illustrated from photographs taken by the author with a Scovill "detective camera."

ULYSSES AMONG THE PHAEACIANS. FROM THE TRANSLATION OF HOMER'S ODYSSEY. BY WM. C. BRYANT. (BOSTON AND NEW YORK: HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & COMPANY. 15c.)

There are innumerable essays and books about Homer, but it is always better—more educating and more satisfactory—to read Homer himself. The next best thing is to read a good translation. Bryant's is acknowledged to be excellent. This little book contains a selection of the sixth and seventh books, and portions of the fifth, eighth and thirteenth. It will give one who has not read Homer a very good idea of the Odyssey, of which, indeed, every one should have some idea. It forms No. 43 of Houghton, Mifflin & Co.'s neat *Riverside Literature Series*.

A PORTRAIT IN CRIMSON. BY CHARLES EDWARD BARNES. (NEW YORK: WELCH, FRACKER & Co.)

Mr. Barnes' genius is certainly peculiar, and his vein of humor especially appreciated by shrewd college-bred men. The thread of his story is interesting in itself, but that quality which particularly commends his work to college men is his shrewd wit, which pervades the whole book. It will prove a good sauce to other fiction.

THE SECOND READING BOOK. BY EBBEN H. DAVIS. 40c.

AURORA. BY MARY AGNES TINKER. 25c. (PHILADELPHIA: J. B. LIPPINCOTT Co.)

The first named is an excellent child's reader, and the second is an excellent novel, which will attract the attention of the higher class of fiction readers. There is nothing poetic about it, and the book will doubtless disperse the ennui of many an idle hour these long winter evenings.

THE METHOD OF LEAST SQUARES. BY PROF. G. C. COMSTOCK. (BOSTON: GINN & Co.)

This work contains a presentation of the methods of treating observed numerical data which are in use among astronomers, physicists and engineers. It has been written for the student, and presupposes only such mathematical attainments as are usually possessed by those who have completed the first two years of the curriculum of any of our better schools of science or engineering. It is excelled in general character by very few. Being practical in its nature, it forms an excellent basis on which to build up a working knowledge of the subject treated, though it is not fitted to be a sole help to a professional man. In this it fulfills the author's aim.

THE ABBÉ CONSTANTIN. BY LUDOVIC HALÉVY. (CHICAGO AND NEW YORK: RAND, McNALLY & Co.)

This is a most fascinating novel. Two enormously rich, enormously pretty sisters—one married, the other not—arrive in Paris from America and make the hit of the season. The younger is at once overwhelmed with offers of marriage. But she is waiting for love, and it comes not. They purchase a castle and estates near Souvigny, and Miss Percival finds in an honorable, upright, young artillery officer stationed at Souvigny the man she has been looking for—one who loves her, not her millions.

KINGS IN EXILE. BY ALPHONSE DAUDET. (CHICAGO AND NEW YORK: RAND, McNALLY & Co. 50c.)

Anything from the pen of Daudet is sure to be bright, sparkling and full of interest. This story of the exile of the Sovereigns of Illyria and their sojourn in Paris is not the least interesting of his romances. His keen perception of character and the pictures he has given us of royalty and its surroundings are well worthy the attention of students of human nature.

BUG-JARGAL PAR V. HUGO. EDITED BY JAMES BOÏELLE. (NEW YORK: D. C. HEATH & Co.)

This little work, written by Hugo at the age of sixteen, is one of the best introductions to his works of riper years. The style is crisp, clear and simple and well calculated to prepare the pupil for the more advanced French composition. There is a good biographical sketch, and the notes are succinct and well calculated to give the student just the help he needs.

A MARCH IN THE RANKS. BY JENNIE FOTHERGILL. 30c. THE BONDMAN. BY HAIL CAINE. 30c. NURSE REVEL'S MISTAKE. BY FLORENCE WARDEN; SYLVIA ARDEN. BY OSWALD CRAWFORD. (NEW YORK: F. F. LOVELL & Co.)

These novels are well fitted to amuse one on a long railroad journey or similar occasion. They are fascinating, and hold the attention to the end.

THE LOST INCA. (NEW YORK: CASSELL & Co. 50c.)

It pretends to be a record of facts. A strange, fascinating story of a journey to an unknown and undiscovered country in the center of South America, whose inhabitants have progressed far in the discoveries and inventions of science. The thrilling adventures and heart affairs are as uncommon in their character as the whole conception of the book.

THE PROSE DRAMAS OF HENRIK IBSEN. (NEW YORK: JNO. W. LOVELL & Co. 50c.)

This book contains the much-lauded new production of this gifted Norwegian dramatist, "A Doll's House," together with the perhaps less well known "Pillars of Society," "Ghosts" and "Rosmerholm," all of which are well fitted to catch and hold the attention of society. Edmund Gosse has prepared a biographical sketch and an able critical introduction, which gives just the information needed to help us understand this work of the exponent of a young and vigorous people.

A TRANSIENT GUEST AND OTHER EPISODES. BY EDGAR SALTUS.
(NEW YORK: BELFORD CO.)

When the people give their verdict, woe be to that wretched reviewer who dares to contravene it. Far be it from us to differ from the general opinion in regard to this work. Mr. Saltus' genius is brilliant and keen, and his productions are worthy the attention of all whose time is not too precious.

A DECADE OF ORATORY. FOR YOUNG WRITERS AND SPEAKERS.
EVANSTON, ILL.: UNIVERSITY PRESS CO. CLOTH, \$1.)

A beautiful and substantial little book, containing eleven orations which have been awarded the annual \$100 Kirk prize at Northwestern University—the highest honor in the gift of the institution. Worth many times its price to young writers and speakers. Shows what styles of oratory are successful before mature judges. A study of these orations may bring you prizes or honor in your own school.

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CLIO HALL, January 17th, 1890.

WHEREAS, In His all-wise Providence, God has seen fit to call to his eternal reward FREDERIC VINTON, Litt. D. ; AND WHEREAS, we recognized him as a faithful officer of the College, and an honorary member of Clio Hall; therefore, be it

Resolved, That we extend our sympathies to those most deeply afflicted by this bereavement, and to those to whom the cloud seems darkest; and,

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the family of the deceased, and that they be published in the *Princetonian* and *NASSAU LIT.*

S. DUNNING, '92,
J. LEACH, '91,
A. B. COLLINS, '90,
Chairman.

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